2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murtherers.

Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*

K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle,
Then by iust proofe you can affirme:
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse Lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our State.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Glosters dead.

The King fals in a sound.

Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.

Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can satisfie my greefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits:
Yet do not goe. Come Basiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me for wretched Glosters death.

Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frõ E
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbur

War. My Lord, The Commons like an hungi
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they rep
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall

King. That he is dead good Warwicke, is too
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and
Good father stay you with the rude multitude, ti

Salisb. I will sonne.

Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and shewes Du
frey in his bed.

King. Ah Vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soul
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vp
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull oath, sworne with a solemne
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for these wor

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodlesse;
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and ster
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisd, the least of these are
It cannot choose but he was murthered.

Qu. Suffolke, and the Cardinall had him in char
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. I, but tis well knowne they were not his f
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue ye no greater proofes then thes

War. Who sees a heyfer dead and bleeding fres